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THE VAULT OF

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HORROR

FEATURING...



THE VAULT-KEEPER



THE CRYPT-KEEPER



THE OLD WITCH



IN THIS ISSUE, THE OLD
WITCH REVEALS THE
STARTLING REASONING
OF THE ARCADE
**FRANKENSTEIN
MONSTER!**



ORIGINAL EC COMICS FROM THE 1950s!

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THE VAULT OF

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FEATURING...



THE VAULT-KEEPER



THE CRYPT-KEEPER



THE OLD WITCH



IN THIS ISSUE, THE OLD
WITCH REVEALS THE
STARTLING REDISCOVERY
OF THE AUTHENTIC
**FRANKENSTEIN
MONSTER!**



BACK ISSUES!!

THE COMIC YOU HOLD IN YOUR HANDS IS PART OF THE CHRONOLOGICAL, FACSIMILE REPRINTING OF THE **FAMOUS** (AND INFAMOUS!) **EC COMICS** LINE OF THE EARLY 1950s! WE STARTED WITH THE **FIRST ISSUE** OF EACH TITLE AND ARE ON OUR WAY TO THE **BITTER END!** GET ON THE BANDWAGON, AND **FILL IN THE GAPS** IN YOUR COLLECTION FROM THIS BACKLIST!!



CRYPT #1



CRYPT #2



CRYPT #3



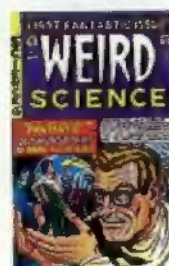
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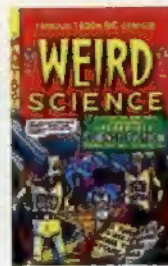
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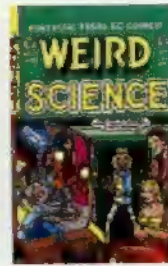
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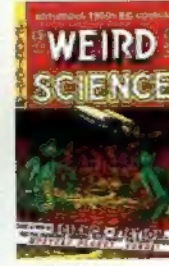
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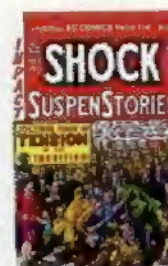
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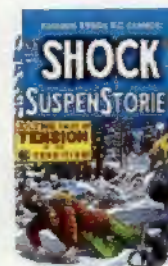
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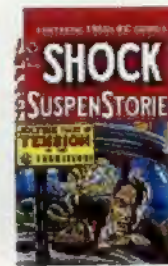
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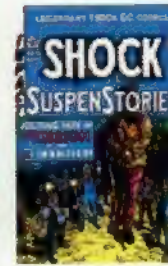
SHOCK #2



SHOCK #3



SHOCK #4



SHOCK #5



SHOCK #6

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THE VAULT OF HORROR!

HEH, HEH! WELL, HERE WE ARE TOGETHER AGAIN...
READY FOR ANOTHER SOJOURN INTO *HORROR*? I TRUST
YOU CAME WELL PREPARED... FOR THE TALE I AM
ABOUT TO SPIN IS GUARANTEED TO MAKE YOUR SKIN
CRAWL, AND YOUR HEART POUND LIKE A TRIP-HAMMER!
I FOUND THIS STORY IN MY PRIVATE COLLECTION,
BURIED DEEP IN *THE VAULT'S* ALCOVES! I CALL IT....

FOUNTAINS of YOUTH!



WANTED: Young, attractive woman to act as secretary and companion to lady traveling abroad. Work pleasant, salary exceptional. Call in person at Coleridge Hotel, suite 2104, 9 to 5.

Start Now!

World War II VETERANS

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BUT, KEN, IT SOUNDS LIKE A WONDERFUL OPPORTUNITY! I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO TRAVEL, AND...

I KNOW, BUT I DON'T LIKE THE IDEA! AFTER ALL, EILEEN...



KENNETH MARTIN, I MAY BE YOUR KID SISTER, BUT I'M NO CHILD! I'M NINETEEN AND I HAVE A RIGHT TO LEAD MY OWN LIFE!

ALL RIGHT, EILEEN... BUT IT'S AGAINST MY BETTER JUDGMENT!



MAYBE I AM BEING SILLY, SIS... BUT I JUST WANT TO BE SURE OF YOUR SAFETY!

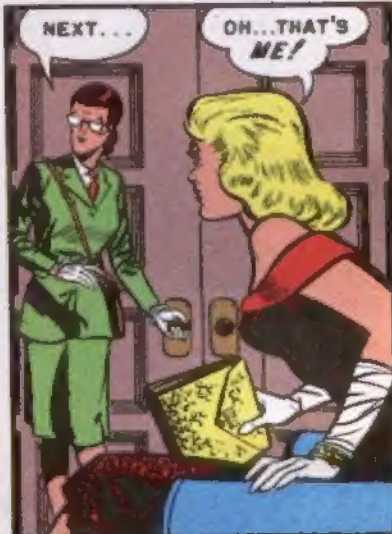
I KNOW, KEN... BUT I CAN TAKE CARE OF MYSELF! DON'T WORRY!



AND SO, A FEW HOURS BEFORE NOON, EILEEN MARTIN STEPPED FROM THE PRIVATE ELEVATOR TO SUITE 2104, IN THE COLERIDGE HOTEL...

AH! ONLY A FEW GIRLS AHEAD OF ME! I HOPE I GET THE JOB!

SHE WAITED, AS ONE BY ONE THOSE AHEAD OF HER WENT INTO THE NEXT ROOM, AND ONE BY ONE RETURNED. EACH FACE WITH ITS DISAPPOINTED EXPRESSION LENT HOPE TO HER HEART!



NEXT...

OH...THAT'S ME!

EILEEN STEPPED THROUGH THE HUGE, paneled doors INTO THE SUMPTUOUS ROOM BEYOND. SEATED ON A LUXURIOUS COUCH, HER FACE HEAVILY VEILED, HER HANDS GLOVED, WAS THE OCCUPANT OF SUITE 2104...



GOOD MORNING! I CAME IN RESPONSE TO YOUR AD IN THE PAPER!

GOOD MORNING! COME... SIT OVER HERE WHERE I CAN SEE YOU BETTER...

AS EILEEN STATED HER EXPERIENCE AND QUALIFICATIONS, SHE HAD THE STRANGE FEELING THAT THE WOMAN WAS ONLY HALF LISTENING! THEN, ABRUPTLY...



I HAVE SEVERAL LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION, IF YOU...

THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY! I THINK YOU'LL DO NICELY!

SEVERAL HOURS LATER, EILEEN EXCITEDLY EXPLAINED TO KEN...



...SO YOU LANDED THE JOB, EH?

OH, YES! AND SHE GAVE ME \$500 SO I COULD BUY ALL NEW CLOTHES FOR THE TRIP!

HER NAME IS **MADAME DUBOIS**. SHE'S REALLY A VERY FAMOUS SOCIALITE...ONE OF THE 'FOUR HUNDRED'! AND SHE'S TRAVELING **INCognito**! THAT'S WHY SHE WEARS A **HEAVY VEIL**!



...SHE'S TIRED OF NEWS-PEOPLE AND AUTOGRAPH HOUNDS ALWAYS BOTHERING HER...JUST WANTS PEACE AND QUIET! I'M SO **HAPPY AND THRILLED**!



WELL...I GUESS I CAN'T COMPLAIN! YOU'LL BE IN GOOD HANDS, I SUPPOSE! BUT, STILL...

OH, KEN, YOU'RE A DEAR BROTHER TO WORRY SO MUCH... BUT IT'S REALLY UNNECESSARY! I'M SURE I'LL BE FINE!



A WEEK LATER, ALL PREPARATIONS HAD BEEN MADE. EILEEN AND MADAME DUBOIS WERE ON THEIR WAY TO EUROPE...

WELL, EVERYTHING'S UNPACKED AND PUT AWAY! WHAT ELSE CAN I DO?

NOTHING, MY DEAR! RUN ALONG AND ENJOY YOURSELF! I WANT YOU TO HAVE A **GOOD TIME**!



FROM THE FIRST DAY ABOARD SHIP, MADAME DUBOIS SECLUDED HERSELF IN THEIR CABIN-SUITE AND INSISTED THAT EILEEN RELAX AND ENJOY THE CRUISE...

SHE'S SO CONSIDERATE! I'M HAVING THE TIME OF MY LIFE! IT'S ALL SO **WONDERFUL**!

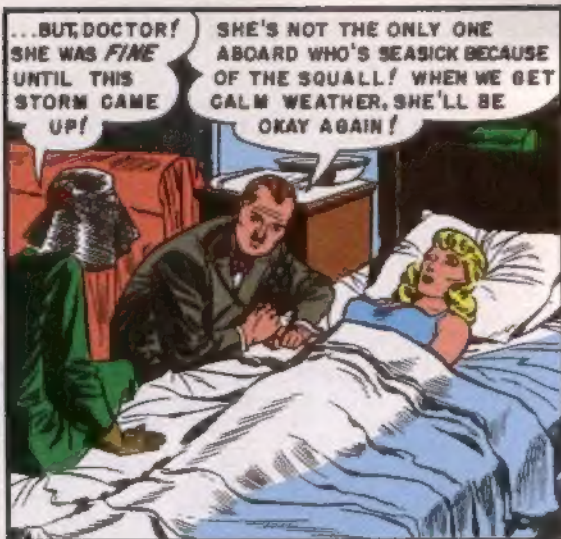


BUT EILEEN'S PLEASURES SOON ENDED AS A SUDDEN SQUALL STRUCK WITH TERRIFIC FORCE! THE SHIP BOBBED AND TOSSED WITH THE SEA'S FURY...

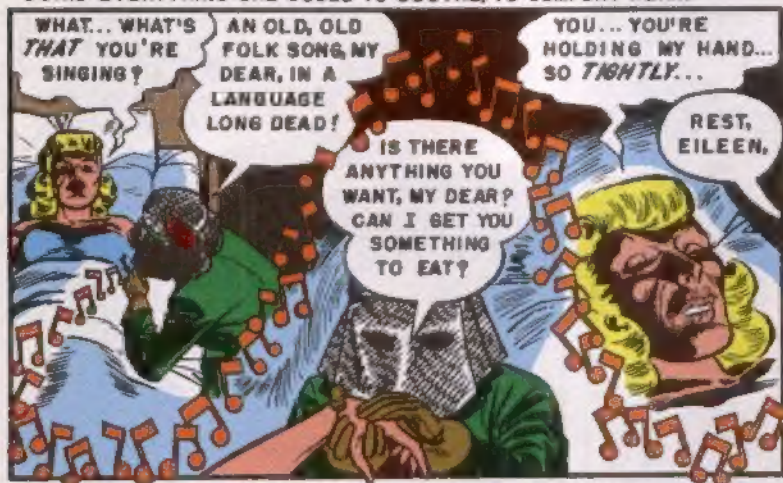
OH-H-H...MADAME DUBOIS... I...I THINK I'M GETTING... **SEASICK**!

YOU POOR DEAR! COME...LIE DOWN! I'LL CALL THE SHIP'S DOCTOR!





FOR THREE DAYS, MADAME DUBOIS REMAINED BY EILEEN'S SIDE, DOING EVERYTHING SHE COULD TO SOOTHE, TO COMFORT HER...



THE NEXT DAY FOUND EILEEN MUCH WORSE. HER SKIN WAS WRINKLED AND HER CHEEKS HOLLOWED... HER ENTIRE BODY LOOKED AGED AND WITHERED. THROUGH IT ALL, MADAME DUBOIS CHANTED HER ANCIENT SONGS...





I'M AFRAID SHE'S
ALREADY DEAD,
MADAME DUBOIS!



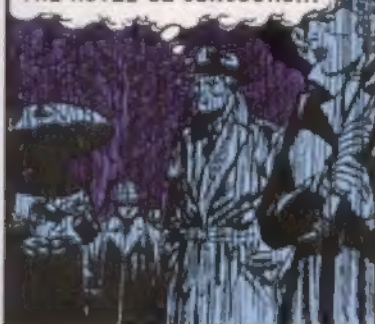
HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HOW TOUCHING!
RATHER *TIRING* TRIP, EH? WELL, THE
NEXT DAY, THE SHIP DOCKED IN
ENGLAND AND MADAME DUBOIS
CONSCIENTIOUSLY HAD EILEEN'S
BODY (WHAT THERE WAS OF IT)
SENT BACK TO KENNETH
MARTIN...ALONG WITH AN
EXPLANATORY CABLEGRAM,
OF COURSE! HEH, HEH!



I KNEW I SHOULDN'T HAVE LET
HER GO! I *KNEW* IT! WHY DID
I LET HER TALK ME INTO IT?
ALL ALONG I FELT THAT SOME-
THING WAS WRONG...AND, BY
HEAVEN, I'M GOING TO FIND
OUT WHAT IT WAS!

EILEEN'S SMALL FUNERAL WAS
HELD ON A DISMAL, RAINY DAY.
ENGROSSED IN HIS THOUGHTS,
KENNETH HARDLY HEARD THE
MINISTER'S EULOGY...

...CABLEGRAM SAID SHE WAS
GOING ON TO MARSEILLES...
THE HOTEL DE CONCOURD...



THAT NIGHT, A TRANSCONTINEN-
TAL AIRPLANE WINGED ITS WAY
THROUGH THE RAIN-STREAKED
SKY ON ITS WAY TO MARSEILLES...
AND IN IT, SAT EILEEN'S BROTHER...



UPON REACHING MARSEILLES, KENNETH WENT
STRAIGHT TO MADAME DUBOIS'S SUITE IN THE
HOTEL DE CONCOURD. THE DOOR OPENED TO HIS
KNOCK AND A SLEEK, DARK-HAIRED GIRL STOOD
FACING HIM...

YES? I'M MADAME
DUBOIS! WHY DO YOU
LOOK SO SURPRISED...
AND WHAT DO YOU
WANT?

I...I DIDN'T EXPECT
YOU TO BE SO *YOUNG*!
I...I WANT TO TALK TO
YOU...I'M EILEEN'S
BROTHER!



HE WAS USHERED INTO A SPACIOUS, EXPENSIVELY
DECORATED ROOM...

...AND THAT'S THE
STORY, MR. MARTIN...
EXACTLY AS I
CABLED YOU!

I DON'T BELIEVE IT!
YOU *DID* SOMETHING TO
HER! YOU'RE LYING
TO ME!

MR. MARTIN! I'VE TOLD YOU THE TRUTH AS I KNOW IT! I REALIZE THAT YOU'RE EMOTIONALLY UPSET, BUT I THINK YOU'VE INSULTED ME ENOUGH! I MUST ASK YOU TO LEAVE!

I'LL GO! BUT I'M NOT THROUGH WITH YOU! THERE'S *SOME* THING FISHY GOING ON HERE... AND I WANT TO KNOW WHAT IT IS!



KENNETH TOOK A ROOM IN ANOTHER HOTEL NEARBY. HE KEPT A SHARP WATCH ON MADAME DUBOIS'S HOTEL...AND ALSO ON THE WANT ADS IN THE NEWSPAPERS. FINALLY, MORE THAN A MONTH LATER...

AH! AT LAST! I THOUGHT SHE'D ADVERTISE FOR ANOTHER COMPANION AS SOON AS SHE WAS READY TO TRAVEL AGAIN! BETTER GET OVER TO HER HOTEL!



PATIENTLY, KENNETH WATCHED THE ELEVATOR THAT PRIVATELY SERVED MADAME DUBOIS'S SUITE...

AH-HA! THAT'S THE ONLY GIRL TO COME BACK A SECOND AND THIRD TIME! SHE'S MADAME DUBOIS'S NEW COMPANION!



KENNETH FOLLOWED THE GIRL DOWN SEVERAL STREETS AND INTO A TRAVEL AGENCY...

TWO TICKETS, FIRST CLASS, FROM MARSEILLES TO NEW YORK, ON THE MAURETANIA, PLEASE!

YES, MISS...

HMM... BACK TO THE STATES AGAIN!



THE FOLLOWING MIDNIGHT FOUND THE MAURETANIA HEADING OUT TO SEA...WITH MADAME DUBOIS AND HER LOVELY COMPANION IN THEIR LUXURIOUS STATEROOM... AND KENNETH MARTIN PACING THE DECK...



DURING THE NEXT FEW DAYS, KENNETH MADE FRIENDS WITH THE YOUNG GIRL... AND SAW HER OFTEN! MADAME DUBOIS REMAINED IN HER STATEROOM...

...I HAVE NEVER EVEN SEEN HER FACE... HER VEIL HIDES IT! BUT SHE IS SUCH A KIND OLD WOMAN!

HUH? OLD WOMAN? MADAME DUBOIS? ????



AND THEN A SUDDEN STORM SLASHED AT THE SHIP! IT ROCKED AND TOSSED FOR SEVERAL DAYS, AND KENNETH SAW NO MORE OF THE BEAUTIFUL FRENCH GIRL...

STEWARDS...HAVE YOU SEEN MISS BLANCHARD?

YES, SIR. SHE IS CONFINED TO HER STATEROOM, SIR... SEASICKNESS!



DOCTOR...MISS BLANCHARD... I MUST KNOW HOW SHE IS!

WELL, FRANKLY, MR. MARTIN, I'M WORRIED! I CAN'T FIND THE SLIGHTEST THING WRONG WITH HER...BUT HER CONDITION IS CONSTANTLY GETTING WORSE!



CERTAIN NOW THAT MISS BLANCHARD WAS FACING HIS SISTER'S FATE, KENNETH POURED FORTH THE STORY OF EILEEN'S DEATH...

DON'T YOU SEE? THE SAME THING IS HAPPENING TO MISS BLANCHARD!

INCREDIBLE! I'VE HEARD OF CASES LIKE THIS, BUT... COME! THERE'S NOT A MOMENT TO LOSE!



PICKING UP SEVERAL STEWARDS ON THE WAY, THE DOCTOR AND KENNETH RACED ALONG THE DECK AND BURST INTO MADAME DUBOIS'S STATEROOM...

WHA...?! WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?

STEWARDS! TAKE MISS BLANCHARD TO SHIP'S HOSPITAL!



NO! NO! NO! I WON'T LET YOU TAKE HER AWAY FROM ME! STOP! STOP!

DO AS I SAY, MEN! I'LL STAY AND LOCK MADAME DUBOIS IN HER STATEROOM!

STOP! STOP! I NEED HER! YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND!

LOCK THE DOOR, MARTIN, QUICKLY!



DOCTOR... WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?

NO TIME TO EXPLAIN NOW, MR. MARTIN! WE MUST HURRY TO THE SHIP'S HOSPITAL!



FOR SEVERAL DAYS KENNETH WAITED IMPATIENTLY AS THE DOCTOR FOUGHT TO SAVE MISS BLANCHARD FROM DEATH! THEN **SUCCESS!**

THANK GOD SHE'LL BE ALL RIGHT! I BET MADAME DUBOIS

MADAME DUBOIS' GOOD LORD! I'D COMPLETELY FORGOTTEN HER! C'MON, MARTIN... **WE MUST HURRY!**



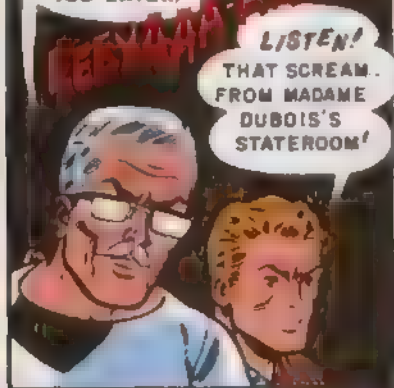
BUT... BUT... CAN'T YOU EXPLAIN?

MADAME DUBOIS IS A MEMBER OF A UNIQUE GROUP OF HUMAN BEINGS... IF YOU CAN CALL THEM 'HUMAN'! LIKE VAMPIRES EXIST ON HUMAN BLOOD, SO THESE VICIOUS CREATURES PROLONG THEIR LIVES BY SAPPING THE YOUTH OF THEIR VICTIMS! MADAME DUBOIS IS PROBABLY HUNDREDS OF YEARS OLD!



LORD KNOWS HOW MANY INNOCENT GIRLS SHE HAS MURDERED! LUCKILY, WE SAVED MISS BLANCHARD! IF ONLY WE'RE NOT TOO LATE...

LISTEN! THAT SCREAM FROM MADAME DUBOIS'S STATEROOM!



THE TWO MEN CRASHED INTO THE ROOM! HORRIFIED, THEY SAW MADAME DUBOIS GROVELING ON THE FLOOR, HER FACE AND BODY COM-TORTING AND TWISTING AS THE CULMINATION OF TIME CHEATED, WREAKED ITS VENGEANCE UPON HER...

SHE... SHE'S AGING! WITHERING! NIGHT BEFORE OUR EYES!



WITHIN MOMENTS, THE AGONIZED, SHRIEKING FIGURE HAD BROKEN AND CRUMPLED... FINALLY DISINTERGRATING INTO DUST!

FROM LORD!

YES, MARTIN! DEPRIVED OF HER SOURCE OF LIFE, MADAME DUBOIS TURNED INTO THE DUST SHE SHOULD HAVE BEEN CENTURIES AGO!



THE END-

HEH! HEH! HEH! IMAGINE LIVING SEVERAL HUNDRED YEARS! THE CAT WITH NINE LIVES HAD NOTHING ON MADAME DUBOIS! LOOKS LIKE **LOST TIME** FINALLY CAUGHT UP WITH HER! HEH, HEH! WELL... OLD YOUTH-SAPPERS NEVER DIE... THEY JUST OOOZE AWAY! AND YOU'LL JUST OOOZE AWAY WITH JEALOUSY IF YOUR FRIENDS HAVE BACK ISSUES AND YOU DON'T! SO

DON'T BE A SAP! READ MY COLUMN, **THE VAULT KEEPER'S COLUMN**, AND LEARN HOW TO GET YOURS! NOW, THE OLD WITCH AWAITS YOU! BUT I'LL BE BACK!



THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

HEE, HEE! YEP! IT'S *ME* AGAIN! *THE OLD WITCH*! MISTRESS OF THE *HAUNT OF FEAR*! AS YOU KNOW, EACH TIME WE MEET, I LIGHT THE FIRE UNDER MY *CAULDRON* AND COOK UP A *TASTY TALE OF TERROR*... JUST FOR *YOU*! SO SETTLE BACK! MY *EVIL BREW* IS ALMOST DONE! TUCK YOUR *SHROUDS* UNDER YOUR CHINS AND I'LL LADLE OUT THE *MAD-MORSEL-OF-MORBIDITY* I CALL ...

THE MONSTER IN THE ICE!



MY STORY BEGINS FAR OUT ON THE LONELY STRETCHES OF THE BARREN FROZEN WASTE THAT IS THE *ARCTIC*! IN A SMALL SHACK, HALF COVERED WITH ICE AND SNOW, A MIDDLE-AGED GEOLOGIST SITS AT AN EQUIPMENT-CLUTTERED TABLE! THE DOOR SWINGS OPEN AND A BLAST OF FREEZING AIR SWEEPS THROUGH THE SHACK.

BACK SO SOON, CAMPBELL?
I THOUGHT YOU'D BE GONE
ANOTHER TWO HOURS
AT LEAST!

BLASTED ESKIMO!
SUPERSTITIOUS IDIOT!



WHEN I TOLD HIM WHERE I WANTED TO GO, HE REFUSED TO TAKE ME! STARTED HOWLING SOME GIBBERISH ABOUT 'THE MONSTER IN THE ICE!'

WHAT? A MONSTER... IN THE ICE? ARE YOU SURE THAT WAS WHAT HE SAID?

OF COURSE I'M SURE! I UNDERSTAND HIM AS WELL AS YOU! PERHAPS YOU CAN TALK TO HIM, DAWSON! YOU KNOW HOW MUCH WE NEED THOSE READINGS!

I'LL TRY! I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO!

GERALD DAWSON DRESSES IN THE AWKWARD, BULKY FUR CLOTHING OF THE FROZEN NORTH AND MOVES OUT OF THE WARM, SNOW-COVERED SHACK INTO THE BLASTING WIND! LEANING HARD AGAINST ITS SITING FORCE, HE STUMBLES TOWARD A NEARBY IGLOO.

DAWSON ENTERS THE SNUG INTERIOR OF THE IGLOO! A FIRE BURNS CHEERILY IN THE CENTER OF THE ICE FLOOR...

WHAT'S THIS ABOUT REFUSING TO GUIDE MISTER CAMPBELL NORTH OF THE ICE FIELD, LOMO?

NO GO! NEVER GO THERE!

LOMO? YOU IN THERE?

YES, MISSA DAWSON! I IN HERE! YOU COME.

WHAT IS IT? WHAT ARE YOU AFRAID OF?

MONSTER... IN ICE! ONCE HE ROAM ICE FIELDS! KILL MANY! THOSE WHO SEE IT AND LUCKY ENOUGH TO GET AWAY COME BACK OUT OF THEIR MINDS... CRAZY! IT HORRIBLE!

DAWSON RETURNS TO THE SHACK

WELL? DID YOU GET ANYWHERE?

THE POOR DEVIL IS SCARED SILLY! THERE SEEMS TO BE SOMETHING FROZEN IN THE ICE OUT THERE... SOME MONSTER!

WHAT SAY WE GO TAKE A LOOK, DAWSON? MAYBE WE CAN CONVINCE THESE ESKIMOS HOW SILLY THEIR SUPERSTITIONS ARE!

I FIGURED YOU'D WANT TO DO THAT CAMPBELL! I HAD LOMO FIX US UP A DOG-SLED! C'MON! WE'LL BE ABLE TO REACH THERE AND GET BACK BY NIGHT-FALL!

SEVERAL HOURS LATER, AS THE TWO GEOLOGISTS MAKE THEIR WAY ACROSS THE BARREN NORTHERN WASTES...

HOW MUCH FURTHER, DAWSON?

ACCORDING TO LOMO, IT OUGHT TO BE AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE! KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN! MUSH!

SUDDENLY, THE DOG-SLED COMES TO A STOP! THE SLED-DOGS REFUSE TO GO ON! THEY COWER IN THE SNOW, THE HAIR ON THEIR NECKS BRISTLING! THEY DRAW BACK THEIR THICK LIPS REVEALING WHITE FANGS! FROM THEIR THROATS COME DEEP GROWLS!

WHAT'S GOTTEN INTO THOSE MUTTS?

SEARCH ME, CAMPBELL! THEY WON'T MOVE! WHATEVER'S BOTHERING THEM MUST BE UP AHEAD! LET'S HOOF IT!

HERBERT CAMPBELL FOLLOWS HIS COHORT ACROSS THE SMOOTH ICE! SUDDENLY, GERALD DAWSON STOPS! HE PEERS WIDE-EYED INTO THE ICE BENEATH HIS FEET...

CAMPBELL! COME HERE! QUICKLY!

WHAT IS IT, GERALD? WHAT DO YOU SEE?

LOOK! DOWN THERE!

GOOD LORD! THERE IS SOMETHING IN THE ICE!

THE TWO MEN STARE DOWN AT THE HAZY FORM BENEATH THE FROZEN SURFACE...

LOOKS LIKE A MAN! BIG FOR A MAN, THOUGH! CAN'T MAKE OUT HIS FACE, EITHER!

I'LL BE RIGHT BACK! I'M GOING TO GET A PICK-AXE!

AFTER A FEW MINUTES, DAWSON RETURNS WITH AN AXE AND BEGINS TO CHOP THE ICE IN A LARGE OBLONG SHAPE AROUND THE BODY.

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO, GERALD?

WHY, WE'RE GOING TO DIG THIS 'MONSTER' OUT AND BRING IT BACK WITH US! PROBABLY SOME POOR EXPLORER'S FROZEN REMAINS!

SOON A HUGE BLOCK OF ICE IS CHIPPED OUT OF THE ICE-FIELD. A BLOCK CONTAINING THE BODY OF THE ESKIMO'S 'ICE-MONSTER'! THE ICE-CAKE IS LOADED ON THE DOG-SLED...

DOWN, BOY! DOWN! MUSH!

SOMETHING'S BOTHERING THOSE SLED-DOGS! THEY'RE ACTING AWFULLY NERVOUS! YOU'D THINK THEY WERE NEVER NEAR A DEAD BODY BEFORE THIS!

SEVERAL HOURS LATER, THE GEOLOGISTS REACH CAMP WITH THEIR FIND



WELL, LOMO!
HERE YOU
ARE!

WHAT WHAT YOU
GOT THERE?

TAKE A GOOD LOOK, LOMO!
THERE'S YOUR ICE-MONSTER!
NOTHING BUT THE REMAINS
OF SOME POOR DEVIL WHO
FROZE TO DEATH OUT
THERE!

NO! NOT TRUE!
MONSTER NOT
HUMAN! MONSTER
HORRIBLE! ANYONE
WHO SEE IT GO MAD
FROM FRIGHT!



WELL, YOU'RE
LOOKING AT
AT HIM NOW!
WHY DON'T
YOU GO MAD?

CANNOT SEE
FACE! SEE ONLY
HAZY FORM!
FORM OF LARGE
MAN! FACE
FEATURES ARE
WHAT DRIVE MEN
OUT OF MIND! MY
ANCESTORS TELL
LEGEND...

LEGEND, BAH! HELP
ME GET THIS BLOCK
INSIDE! WE'RE GOING
TO GET THE ICE OFF
THIS CORPSE AND
SETTLE THIS THING
ONCE AND FOR ALL!

NO! NO!
LOMO
AFRAID!
NO WANT
TO SEE
MONSTER!

DON'T
BE A
FOOL,
LOMO!

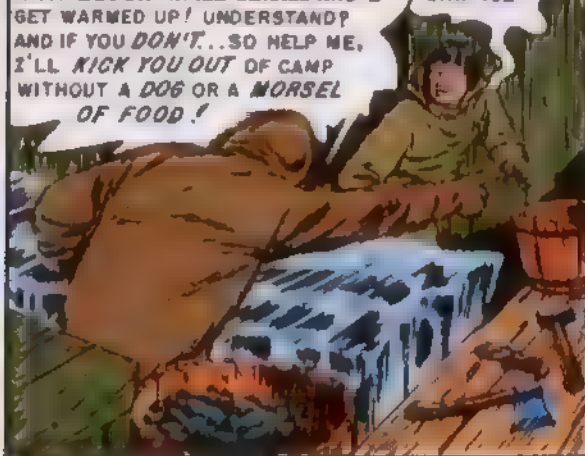
EVEN IF IT WERE A HORRIBLE MON-
STER, IT CAN'T HURT
YOU NOW! IT'S DEAD!
NOTHING DEAD CAN
HARM YOU!

MON-
STER
NOT
DEAD!
ICE
HOLD IT!
CHIP ICE
AWAY AND
YOU FREE
IT!



LISTEN, LOMO! ENOUGH OF THIS
ROT! YOU START CHIPPING AWAY
THAT BLOCK WHILE GERALD AND I
GET WARMED UP! UNDERSTAND?
AND IF YOU DON'T... SO HELP ME,
I'LL KICK YOU OUT OF CAMP
WITHOUT A DOG OR A MORSEL
OF FOOD!

YES, MISSA
CAMPBELL! I
CHIP ICE!



I'LL BE LISTENING IN THE
NEXT ROOM! I WANT TO
HEAR YOU CHIPPING,
GET ME?

C'MON, HERBERT!
LEAVE THE POOR
FELLOW BE! HE'LL
DO IT!





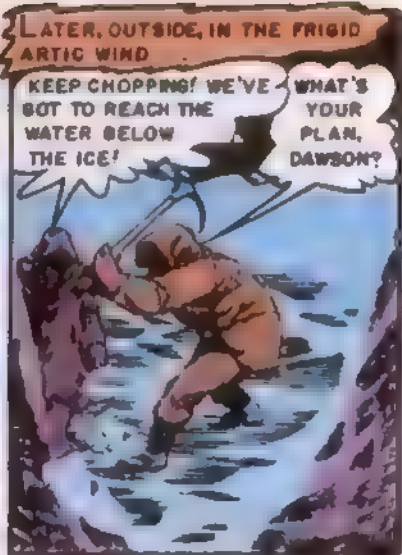
IT *MUST* BE
FRANKEN-
STEIN'S
MONSTER!
WHAT'LL
WE DO?

WE'VE GOT TO
DESTROY IT!



BUT *HOW*? ACCORDING
TO SHELLEY'S NOVEL,
BULLETS CAN'T
STOP IT! IT'S
NOT HUMAN!

WE'VE
GOT TO
GET IT
BACK INTO
THE ICE!
AND I THINK
I KNOW A
WAY!



LATER, OUTSIDE, IN THE FRIGID
ARTIC WIND

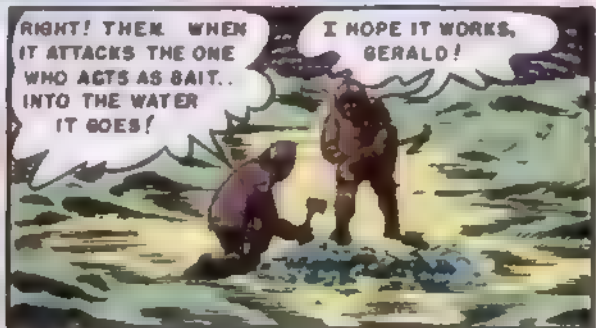
KEEP CHOPPING! WE'VE
GOT TO REACH THE
WATER BELOW
THE ICE!

WHAT'S
YOUR
PLAN,
DAWSON?



SOONER OR LATER, THE MONSTER
WILL BE BACK FOR US! WHEN IT
DOES SHOW UP, ONE OF US WILL
ACT AS *BAIT*!

YOU MEAN
STAND ON THE
EDGE OF THIS
HOLE WE'VE CUT
IN THE ICE?



RIGHT! THEN WHEN
IT ATTACKS THE ONE
WHO ACTS AS *BAIT*..
INTO THE WATER
IT GOES!

I HOPE IT WORKS,
GERALD!

THE LUMBERING MULK OF THE MONSTER APPEARS
OVER THE TOP OF A SNOW-DRIFT! IT MOVES TOWARD
THE TWO GEOLOGISTS...THE HOLE IN THE ICE
BETWEEN THEM

IT'S COMING TOWARD US!
IT... OH MY GOD!

DON'T LOOK AT IT,
HERB! DON'T!
TURN AWAY!

YAAAAAAAHH!



SOON THE ICE IS CHOPPED THROUGH AND WATER
FILLS THE HOLE! THEN...

LISTEN! HEAR THAT?

IT'S *COMING*! NOW,
REMEMBER! DON'T
LOOK AT IT! YOU
KNOW WHAT HAPPENED
TO LONO!



HERBERT CAMPBELL FALLS TO HIS KNEES NEXT TO THE HOLE IN THE ICE...WHIMPERING! THE MONSTER MOVES TOWARD HIM...

HERB! GET UP! GET UP!

THEN, WITH A SHRIEK THE HIDEOUS THING PLUNGES INTO THE OPENING THAT THE TWO GEOLOGISTS HAVE CHOPPED...

HERB! WE'VE GOT IT! WE'VE... LOOK OUT, HERB!

THE STRUGGLING MONSTER REACHES OUT, CLUTCHING HERBERT CAMPBELL'S LEG...

EEEEEEH-H! HERB! GIVE ME YOUR HAND! IT'LL DRAG YOU IN!

GERALD DAWSON TURNS TO HELP HERBERT CAMPBELL, AND HIS EYES FALL UPON THE GRUESOME MONSTER AS CAMPBELL'S HAND CLOSES AROUND HIS IN A VICE-LIKE GRIP...

GOOD LORD! HOW GHASTLY!

LITTLE BY LITTLE, THE MONSTER DRAGS CAMPBELL INTO THE FREEZING WATER IN AN EFFORT TO CLIMB FROM THE HOLE. AND DAWSON, PARALYZED FROM THE GLIMPSE OF THE MONSTER'S FACE, IS DRAGGED DOWN WITH HIM...

YAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

HEE, HEE! YEP! THE THREE OF THEM WENT INTO THE DRINK! AND IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG FOR THE DRINK TO FREEZE SOLID, EITHER! BUT WAIT! THIS ISN'T QUITE THE END! NOT QUITE, YET! ABOUT A YEAR LATER, THE U.S. AIR FORCE DECIDES TO BUILD A BASE NEAR THAT VERY SPOT.

ONE DAY...

LOOK THERE, MAJOR! SEE? SOME BODIES... FROZEN IN THE ICE!

HMMMM! GET SOME MEN, SERGEANT! WE'LL CHOP THEM OUT AND SEE WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!

HEE, HEE! WELL, HERE WE GO AGAIN! AT THIS POINT, I THINK I'LL END MY LITTLE TALE AFTER ALL, HOW MUCH HORROR CAN YOU FIENDS TAKE? WHAT? YOU CAN? THEN YOU OUGHT TO SEND FOR MY BACK ISSUES!

THE VAULT-KEEPER'S CORNER CONTAINS ALL THE INFORMATION! IT FOLLOWS... YOU SHOULD PARDON THE EXPRESSION... THE TEXT! READ IT AND FIND OUT HOW TO GET YOUR COPY! NOW I MUST TOODLE OFF! I HAVE A DIGNIFIED SEAT AND TO RETURN! I'M THE TEACHER!



THE VAULT-KEEPER'S CORNER

President and CEO—Stephen A. Geppl

Publisher—Rima Cochran

Dear VK,

Issue #9 was fairly good. I think it would've been better if Wally Wood did a story. "About Face!" was the best story in the issue. I think they should've shown what her face looked like (in the end, her face appeared, but on her chauffeur's head). Overall, this was a great example of good artwork and EC quality. Please print my address.

Brandon Hendrix

POB 117
Broken Bow, OK 74728

Wood could do a mean horror story, but he departed our title for the far-out sf and sizzling SuspenseStory mags! Yeah, the gal in "About Face!" did a number on her shady chauffeur, but he DROVE her to it! Hah, heh! Been waiting over forty years to crack that joke!

—VK

Dear Russ

I hope your holidays are the best. Me and a zombie are sharing the holidays, especially Thanksgiving with me as the turkey. You printed my address and nobody wrote (strange, the postman must be a ghoul from the dead-letter office). I quit smoking—after 27 "odd" years of smoking coffin nails. I quit (the doctor, a fire-walker, said I was playing with fire—"Don't do as I do, do as I say"). So once I said it was the end it was easy. Have a good Christmas and let Sandy Clause open the presents for you.

Frank X. (EC) Mattson, esq. New Holland, PA

We had a great Holiday here (due to printing schedules, we're only now able to report)! We exchanged gifts, and I exchanged The Crypt-Keeper (for a Vegemetic!).

—VK

Dear Vault-Keeper

My name is Mark Piekelnik and I am 11 years old and I love your horror stories. I have 8 VAULT comics. I have some questions for you. 1) Will you ever get a TV show like the Crypt-Keeper? 2) What is your favorite food? 3) Do you like Beavis and Butt-head? If you do, who is dumber? 4) How old are you?

Mark Piekelnik Utica, NY

1) Likely no. 2) Would you groan if I said hamburgers and french fries? 3) No. If I did, it would be ME who's dumber. 4) I've aged considerably since we began these reprints!

—VK

I guess you could say I am an all-around fan of old things. Everything from Monty Python to The Moody Blues entices me to further investigate, so the moment I saw your show on FOX, (I don't have cable SOBI) I knew I was experiencing déjà-vu.

I enjoy seeing the shows, and looking for them in the comics or vice-versa to check the acting, and the differences. I saw "Fitting Punishment" (VAULT #5) on TV, and then got the comic, and I was shocked at the difference in story. Oh, well. Also, from VAULT #5, I recently saw "Werewolf Concerto!", and it was barely recognizable as the story from the comic! Please include my address, as I would love to hear from fellow fans!

Ashley Flagg

40 Pine Hill St
Manchester, CT 06040

I am not responsible for the TV scripts. Even CK is not responsible for them. We like to hear your comments on how they "rack up."

—VK

Dear Vault-Keeper,

Hi! My name is Grant Smith and I just recently subscribed to CRYPT and VAULT. They're great! I only have a couple of questions to ask you. 1) What issues had an "Artist of the Issue" of Jack Kamen? I'm dying to know what he looks like! 2) On "Crypt" (the TV show) does Jack Kamen get played by the real Jack Kamen, or is he just an actor who looks like Jack Kamen? Finally, are they ever going to come out with "Vault of Horror" cards? I hope so! The Vault-Keeper rules! Your devoted fan

Grant Smith age 11

Stamford CT

Kamen's bio ran in the original HAUNT "11" and W SCI 11, in one sense about "now," but the bios ran on the inside front cover which we use for ads. Why not check out our reprint of CRYPT "#31," in 64-pg RCP CRYPT 1 (also available in tabloid size as EXTRA-LARGE CRYPT for \$5.). That issue (which we'll reprint as CRYPT 18) contained "Kamen's Kalamity!", with altogether too many depictions of the EC crew! Gotta have been an actor doing Kamen on TV.

—VK

Dear CK, OW and VK,

I have questions for The CK, OW, and The VK. OK, first CK: 1) What is your favorite comic book? 2) When and where were you "born"? 3) Why do you like only creepy things?

OW: 1) How old are you? 2) When did you get "drawn"?

VK: 1) Do you like CK or OW better? 2) How old are you?

I think it is pitiful that those idiots called OW and VK idiots. You're cool, CK, but you should share the attention with OW and VK. Please print my address. I want a penpal bad!

Cap Pierce

3112 Wabash
FT Worth, TX 76109-2244

I'll answer for everyone. CK likes VAULT best, was born in a barn, and likes creepy stuff because he's a CREEPY. OW is a jillion years old and was first drawn on a cave wall in Mesopotamia. Lastly, I like both CK and OW better—than a jab in the eye with a stick! Aren't you glad you asked?

—VK

WEEKLY ISSUE



Dear Russ, VK, OW CK

I am an avid reader of horror novels, comic books and MAD magazine. Today at the local bookstore I discovered that a company was finally reprinting those old EC horror comics. The only problem was only one title was there: THE VAULT OF HORROR 10. I bought it, not even glancing at the superhero comics. The Vault-Keeper makes Superman look like a wimp! The Crypt-Keeper, on the other hand.

Some readers may not know it but EC comics is still alive today, and they are the publishers of MAD magazine. Why a magazine and not a comic book? Well, back when comics were under fire by everyone, especially EC's comics, MAD was a comic book along with all the others. When the Comic Code Authority went into effect, instead of dampening their comic line's potency, the late Bill Gaines decided to drop the comic book business and change MAD into a larger black-and-white format as it is today. My question is, since you are already reprinting EC comics of the same era, why not reprint the first MADs (23 to be exact)? I know I would buy them and many MAD fans would too. If readers are still interested in the MAD-horror comic connection, the book "Completely Mad" by Maria Reidelbach is very informative and funny. As a sidenote, many of the EC artists are still alive and working for MAD. Jack Davis does art for them a lot still. Please print my address so I can get a pen pal into MAD and horror.

Happy Holidays Russ, Old Witch and Vault-Keeper! (Crypt-Keeper: Bah, Humberg!)

David Beckner 1103 Woodlawn AV
Pasadena, MD 21122

MAD was, in fact, the only Bill Gaines EC comic to be published by "Educational Comics." Later, it changed hands several times, and requires a separate business deal to allow reprinting in this series. —VK

Dear VK

My name is Adam Brooks. I have just recently become a fan. My brother has been a fan since DC (Detective Comics) meant Dollar Comics. We like all the EC 50s.

In your #6 issue I think you screwed up. The story "The Beast of the Full Moon!" just stops on page 8. Please write me back and tell me how the story ended. You may print my address. Thanks

Adam Brooks 16949 Cagle Rd
Lapine, OR 97739

Here's what you need; cut this out and paste it on the last panel of "Beast." —VK

THE
END

Dear VK

I am your greatest fan. Just recently I was getting ready to watch my favorite show, "Tales from the Crypt," when I thought to myself "Didn't I see a comic called TALES FROM THE CRYPT?" So the next day there I was at the only comic book store who sells EC in my neighborhood and sure enough there it was staring me in the face. TFC #8. So I picked up one of each of your horror titles. That night I had one regret, that I wasn't born in the 50s. I'm trying to convince my friends to start collecting EC, they collect Marvel (ewwww!) Not that I dislike Marvel, but how can it compare to titles like VAULT, HAUNT and CRYPT. Keep up the good work, VK. Oh! And you too, Russ.

Richard Laliberte Providence RI
Ewww! —VK

Dear Vault-Keeper,

Phooey on you! I'm selling my ECs and buying fruit pies to feed the squirrels! For your information I have no more "chutspah" than a clam. I am one who lives entirely withdrawn from the world, so determined am I to escape past rejections and avoid old mistakes. My only outlets are painting and letter-hecking magazines like yours. If you had threatened to send the "Ghoul-Teacher" or something, to eat my face, it may have been laughed off, but there is no

humor in this sort of thing, only hurtfulness, and you: sir owe me an apology. Disgustingly yours,

David Hall

Seattle, WA

I apologize, but The Old Ghoul-Teacher is on her way to Seattle! —VK

THE OLD GHOUL-TEACHER:



Dear Russ

I love all of your EC comic books. The only one I don't like is TWO-FISTED. I wish you would make EC every month. If you made blankets, posters, wallpaper, pillows, etc. I'd buy 'em all—I've tried to buy all your comics, but it's hard with no comic shop with your comics. The only ones I have are CRYPT 1, 4, 6 and VAULT 8. I also have VAULT OF HORROR 33, the old comic!

Nicolas A. Mendoza

Hacienda HTS, CA

Need I say that all back issues are still available? See the end of the column for details. —VK

Dear VK,

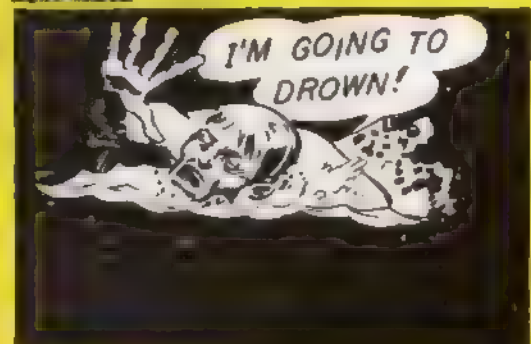
I ordered some back issues of VAULT and in issue 3 I saw a letter by Blaise Caroleo. I agree with her totally when she says VAULT should have its own show. I think HAUNT should also have its own show. So if there is a possibility of either show please tell me. Please give me a serious answer.

Michael Dooney

Saddle Brook, NJ

I say the chances are slim & none. And, I am serious. Prove me wrong, HBO! —VK

NEXT ISSUE



Also available this month are WEIRD FANTASY and TWO-FISTED TALES. Watch for HAUNT, INCREDIBLE SCIENCE FICTION and CRIME next month. Don't forget CRYPT, WEIRD SCIENCE and SHOCK. Get them at your local comic book shop or SUBSCRIBE (see our ad in this comic!).

BACK ISSUES: CRYPT #1 (subject to availability), \$2 each. All others up thru issue #3, \$1.50 each. Issues #4 and up, \$2 each. Add \$5 per order (\$10 outside US) for S&H.

We want lettered Write to:
VAULT
RUSS COCHRAN
POB 489
WEST PLAINS MO 65775

THIS COMIC REPRINTS VAULT OF HORROR #22 (#11, DEC 81/JAN 82)

COVER by Johnny Craig

"Fountains of Youth!"

"The Monster in the Ice!"

"Gone Fishing!"

"What the Dog Dragged In!"

Johnny Craig

Graham Ingels

Jack Davis

Jack Kamen

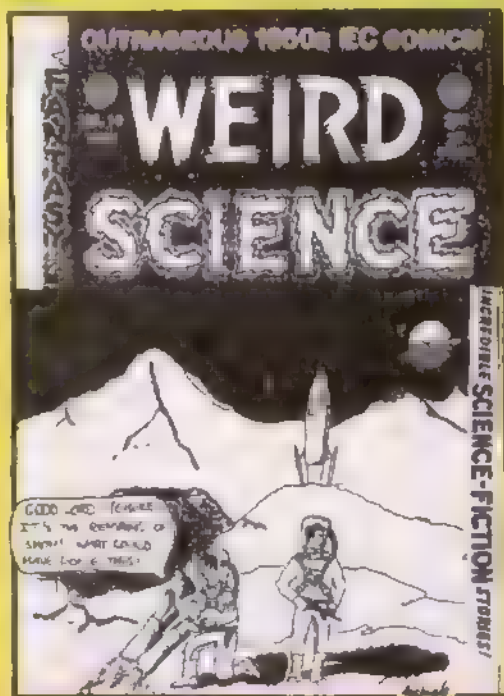
We welcome letters of criticism. We cannot promise to acknowledge, publish or answer letters. We edit for clarity, accuracy and length. We automatically withhold street address and zip code unless you clearly state you wish them published. We attempt to acknowledge publication of letters to the best of our ability. We need your address on the individual letter.

What will HBO's Crypt-Keeper look like when they put together the reunion show in 2010? Probably something like the guy at right! This ravaged visage comes courtesy David Lowery, Irving, TX; and makes a horrific heading fillo for THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S PAGE OF...

FINE ARTS #27



William Pearson, Rutland, VT sent in this TWO-FISTED duo, and I wanted to have the anonymous editor run it in the local of that title. "No room!" he cried. Though I offered to do some judicious cutting on William's behalf Ed Anon was simply too quick on his feet and escaped my vorpal blade. So, I ran it here! —CK



A 'doctored' EC cover, sent over from my compatriot, Dr. deRange of sf fame. Seems that artist is Beezine (of Eromell, AILARTSUE). —CK



Lesley VERSUS THE TUMSHY PEOPLE FROM SPACE



Back again is our own Scots Terror (ar-fart!), John Miller, with another mini-strip. Huzzah, Leslie! —CK

Send your contribs (not returnable, not too long, not too big, legible doublespaced text &/or bold black art. Warning...we edit!) to:

THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S PAGE OF FINE ARTS

WILL COCHRAN

POB 488

WEST PLAINS MO 65755

We welcome contributors. We cannot promise to return, acknowledge or publish contributions. We ask for contribs, accept, and use the submitted copy without street address and no code where you clearly state you wish them published. We attempt to acknowledge publication. To do so we need your address on the individual contribution.

THE CRYPT OF TERROR

HEH, HEH! YEP! IT'S YOUR OLD *HORROR FIEND, THE CRYPT-KEEPER!* NOW I 'ENTERTAIN' YOU! HERE'S A *SPINE-TINGLER* ESPECIALLY DESIGNED FOR YOU LOVERS OF *FISHING!* JUST SET YOURSELVES DOWN ON THAT BAG OF *HOOKS* AND I'LL BEGIN THE *PIERCING TALE OF TERROR* I CALL...

GONE...FISHING!



THE DUST-COVERED AUTOMOBILE ROLLED TO A STOP WHERE THE BLACK TAR ROAD KNIFED THROUGH THE SAND-DUNES AND ENDED ABRUPTLY AT THE EDGE OF A STRETCH OF WHITE BEACH! BEYOND, THE SURF... WHITE AND FROTHY... ROLLED IN FROM THE VAST SEA, FILLING THE BRISK SALT AIR WITH AN OMINOUS THUNDER...

WELL, STEVEN!
HERE WE ARE!
BEAUTIFUL,
ISN'T IT?

REALLY, MAX! I DON'T
KNOW WHY YOU
INSISTED ON DRAG-
GING ME ALONG! YOU
KNOW I DON'T
APPROVE OF FISHING!



MAXWELL LARKIN, THE NOTED SPORT-FISHERMAN, GOT OUT OF THE CAR AND BEGAN TO UNSTRAP THE LONG SPLIT-BAMBOO RODS THAT WERE FASTENED TO THE RACK ON THE CAR-ROOF...

JUST WAIT TILL YOU HOOK INTO ONE, STEVE! YOU'LL CHANGE YOUR MIND! YOU'LL SEE!

I DOUBT IT, MAX! I'M OPPOSED TO FISHING ON MORAL GROUNDS!



MAX UNLOCKED THE TRUNK OF THE CAR AND LIFTED OUT A HUGE TACKLE BOX! LADEN DOWN WITH THE FISHING EQUIPMENT, STEVE AND MAX MADE THEIR WAY ACROSS THE BRILLIANT WHITE BEACH TOWARD THE SURF...

HOW COULD YOU POSSIBLY BE OPPOSED TO FISHING ON MORAL GROUNDS, STEVE?

IT'S CRUELTY TO LIVING CREATURES! IT MUST BE VERY PAINFUL TO THE POOR FISH!



AT THE WATER'S EDGE, THE SPORT-FISHERMAN AND HIS RELUCTANT COMPANION SET DOWN THE EQUIPMENT! MAX REMOVED A HOLLOW TUBE WITH A SPIKED POINT FROM HIS TACKLE BOX AND DROVE IT INTO THE GROUND.

BAH! FISH DON'T FEEL PAIN!

ARE YOU SURE, MAX? WHO'S TO SAY? ER WHAT'S THAT?



A SAND-SPIKE! IT HOLDS THE ROD UPRIGHT SO SAND CAN'T GET INTO THE REEL! SEE?

OH! VERY CLEVER!



MAX FUMBLING IN THE METAL BOX AND FINALLY REMOVED A OBLONG-SHAPED, FISH-LIKE FORM BEDECKED WITH SETS OF HOOKS...

UGH! THAT'S A PRETTY MEAN-LOOKING THING! WHAT IS IT?

IT'S A STRIPED-BASS PLUG! THE BASS THINKS IT'S A FISH! IT GOES FOR IT AND... WHAM!



THEN YOU JUST HAUL HIM IN, EH?

NOT AS EASY AS ALL THAT! A BASS WILL PUT ON A PRETTY STIFF FIGHT! MIGHT TAKE AN HOUR TO LAND HIM!



AND THAT'S SUPPOSED TO BE A SPORT?

AW, CUT IT OUT, STEVE! JUST SIT DOWN AND WATCH FOR A WHILE! YOU'LL SEE... IF I'M LUCKY!



MAXWELL TIED THE BASS-PLUG TO THE END OF HIS LINE AND LIFTED THE ROD FROM ITS SAND-SPIKE HOLDER...

IF YOU'RE LUCKY? YOU MEAN IF THE BASS IS UNLUCKY!

I'LL IGNORE THAT! NOW THIS TYPE OF FISHING IS CALLED SURF-CASTING! FIRST YOU CAST THE PLUG AS FAR OUT INTO THE SURF AS YOU CAN...



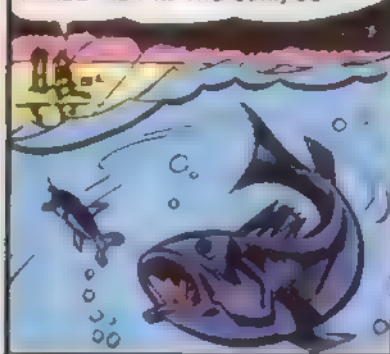
MAXWELL SWUNG THE ROD OVER HIS SHOULDER, WHIPPED IT FORWARD, AND THE PLUG SAILED OUT OVER THE INCOMING BREAKERS...

LIKE THAT? THEN YOU START TO REEL IT IN SLOWLY.



MAX BEGAN TO WIND THE REEL SLOWLY AND EVENLY...TAKING THE LINE BACK UP.

LIKE THIS! THE PLUG, BECAUSE OF ITS DESIGN, BOBS AND WEAVES THROUGH THE WATER SOMEWHAT RESEMBLING A SMALL FISH! STRIPERS FEED ON SMALL FISH IN THE SURF, SO



SUDDENLY, THE ROD IN MAX'S HANDS BENT AND THE REEL BEGAN TO SING AS THE LINE SPUN OFF IT.

A STRIKE! I'VE HOOKED ONE!



AS STEVE WATCHED, MAX STRUGGLED WITH THE HOOKED FISH! THE ROD BENT UNDER THE STRAIN! MAX BEGAN TO REEL IN, BUT MANY TIMES THE LINE WOULD GO SHOOTING BACK OUT IN SPITE OF HIS WORK.

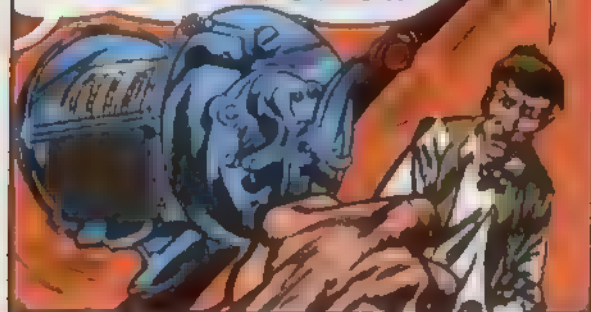
CAN'T YOU JUST REEL HIM IN? MUST YOU LET HIM GO OUT LIKE THAT AGAIN?

IF I DIDN'T, THE LINE WOULD SNAP!



I'M NOT LETTING HIM RUN OUT! HE'S TAKING IT OUT! GASP! THERE'S A SERIES OF GLUTCH DISKS INSIDE A SURF-REEL CALLED A 'DRAG'! I SET IT FOR THE TESTED STRENGTH OF THE LINE! THEN, IF THE FISH YANKS HARDER, THE DRAG RELEASES THE LINE AND AVOIDS BREAKING...

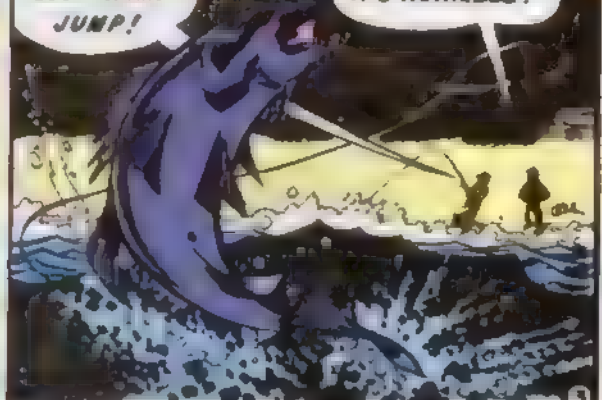
MY? THEY CERTAINLY THINK OF EVERYTHING, DON'T THEY?



MAX CONTINUED TO FIGHT THE HOOKED FISH FOR TWENTY MINUTES! AT TIMES THEY COULD SEE IT LEAP CLEAR OF THE WATER IN AN EFFORT TO FREE ITSELF.

LOOK AT HIM JUMP!

IT'S HORRIBLE!



FINALLY, AFTER FORTY MINUTES, THE STRUGGLING FISH GREW TIRED AND GAVE UP THE FIGHT! MAX REELED IT IN TRIUMPHANTLY...

WOW! LOOK AT 'IM! MUST BE THIRTY-POUNDS... AT LEAST!

DISGUSTING!



MAX HAULED THE FISH WELL UP ONTO THE BEACH AND PUT HIS FOOT ON ITS HEAD...

BRING ME THE KNIFE IN THE BOX, STEVE! I'VE GOT TO CUT THE HOOKS LOOSE!

GOOD LORD, MAX! HOW COULD YOU? LET THE POOR THING GO!



WHAT? ARE YOU KIDDING? NOT ON YOUR LIFE! THIS IS A BEAUTY!

THEN GET YOUR KNIFE YOURSELF! I'M LEAVING!



STEVE TURNED TO GO... WHEN...

STEVE! LOOK OUT!

OH! I'M SORRY!



THE CONTENTS OF THE TACKLE-BOX LAY SCATTERED OVER THE WHITE SAND...

I'LL SEE YOU LATER, MAX! I'LL COME BACK AND PICK YOU UP IN A COUPLE OF HOURS!

HEH, HEH! OKAY! GO AHEAD, SOFTY! I'LL BE HERE!



MAX WATCHED STEVE CROSS THE BEACH TO THE PARKED CAR AND DRIVE OFF! THEN HE KNEELED AND BEGAN REPLACING THE SPILLED FISHING TACKLE

POOR GUY! BOY, WAS HE FLUSTERED! I DIDN'T HAVE THE HEART TO MAKE HIM PICK UP THE STUFF HE KICKED OUT! AH... HERE'S THE KNIFE!



MAX BENT AND SLASHED THE HOOKED-LURE FROM THE GULPING MOUTH OF THE BEACHED FISH! THEN HE SLIPPED HIS THUMB BENEATH ONE GILL AND LIFTED IT... ADMIRINGLY.

MAN, OH MAN! WHAT A BEAUTY! THIRTY POUNDS, AT LEAST! AND WHAT A FIGHTER! A REAL DEVIL!



MAX PLACED THE FISH INTO A PLASTIC BAG...

THERE! THAT'LL KEEP THE SUN OFF YOU!



THEN HE CHECKED HIS LINE AND PREPARED FOR ANOTHER CAST.

MAYBE I'LL HOOK INTO ANOTHER ONE!



THE ROD WHIPPED FORWARD AND THE BASS-PLUG SAILED OUT OVER THE INCOMING BREAKERS ONCE MORE...

AH! THAT WAS A GOOD CAST! C'MON, BABY! HIT ME!



FOR A FULL HOUR, MAX CAST INTO THE WHITE FROTHY WAVES REELED IN CAST. REELED IN... BUT WITHOUT ANOTHER STRIKE.

LOOKS LIKE ONE IS ALL I GET TODAY! AW! I'LL QUIT FOR A WHILE! I'M HUNGRY ANYWAY!



MAX HAULED IN HIS LINE, SET THE ROD IN THE SAND-SPIKE AND LICKED HIS LIPS...

BOY! A NICE SANDWICH AND. OH, NO! THE LUNCH IS IN THE CAR!



MAX CURSED AND KICKED UP THE SAND ANGRILY! SUDDENLY, HE SAW SOMETHING LYING THERE SOMETHING BRIGHT AND COLORFUL

HEY! LOOKS LIKE A CANDY BAR!



MUST HAVE BEEN IN MY TACKLE-BOX AND GOT KICKED OUT! WHAT LUCK! I'M STARVED!



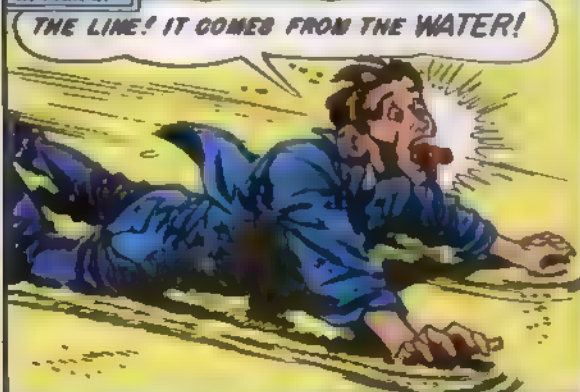
MAX UNWRAPPED THE CANDY BAR AND BIT INTO IT HUNGRILY! HE NEVER NOTICED THE SILKY, ALMOST INVISIBLE THREAD HANGING FROM IT...



SUDDENLY THE SILK THREAD GREW TAUT! MAX FELT A KNIFING PAIN IN HIS CHEEK...



THE PAIN IN MAX'S CHEEK WAS UNBEARABLE! IT FELT LIKE A **BARBED HOOK!** THE LINE, RUNNING FROM HIS MOUTH, GREW TIGHTER AND TIGHTER! MAX SCREAMED IN PAIN...



SLOWLY, STEADILY, MAX WAS DRAGGED! SCREAMING AND STRUGGLING TOWARD THE WATER! THE STINGING PAIN IN HIS MOUTH WAS EXCRUCIATING! HE TRIED TO SPIT IT OUT! TRIED TO FREE HIMSELF! BUT IT WAS NO USE! SAVAGELY, HE DUG HIS HEELS INTO THE SOFT SAND! IT DID NO GOOD! ON AND ON HE WAS DRAGGED... ON TOWARD THE ROARING SURF...



THE DUSTY AUTOMOBILE PULLED UP TO THE BEACH WHERE THE ROAD ENDED! STEVE GOT OUT! HE LOOKED DOWN TOWARD THE SURF-ROD STANDING ALONE ON THE DESERTED BEACH...



SOMETHING CAUGHT STEVE'S EYE! SOMETHING OUT IN THE WATER! AS IT BROKE THE SURFACE, A BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAM ECHOED ABOVE THE ROAR OF THE INCOMING BREAKERS! HE HESITATED FOR A SPLIT-SECOND THEN IT WAS GONE A **MAN'S HEAD!**



HEH, HEH! YEP! MAX WAS **HOOKED!** NOW HE KNOWS HOW A **FISH FEELS!** WHAT **KIND OF FISH** GOES **BEACH-CASTING FOR MEN**, YOU ASK? WELL HOW SHOULD I KNOW? AM I A **FISH?** HEH, HEH! OH, BY THE WAY! NEXT TIME YOU GO FISHING, BE CAREFUL! REMEMBER! SOME **FISH** MAY BE **MAN-ING**, AND YOU MIGHT GET **HOKED, TOO!** BUT YOU WON'T BE **HOKED** WHEN YOU SEND FOR BACK ISSUES! **SHOCKED** IS A BETTER WORD! THE **VAULT-KEEPER** TELLS HOW TO GET **YOURS** IN HIS COLUMN, **THE VAULT-KEEPER'S CORNER!** NOW I'LL TURN **THE** BACK TO HIM! 'BYE!



AND NOW, COME SEE...

What the dog
dragged in!



BETTY REACHED DEEP INTO HER WORLD OF DARKNESS AND PATTED JERRY'S SOFT SILKY HEAD. THEN SHE RAISED A WARNING FINGER... HER BLIND EYES STARING PAST THE SQUATTING DOG...

...AND MIND YOU,

JERRY! GO STRAIGHT TO THE BUTCHER SHOP! MRS. SIMPSON WILL BE HERE SOON, AND I HAVE TO HAVE THAT ORDER IN THE HOUSE!



DEFTLY, WITH FINGERS LONG ACCUSTOMED TO THE RITUAL, BETTY FOLDED THE MEAT ORDER AND SLIPPED IT UNDER THE ANXIOUS DOG'S COLLAR...

SO COME RIGHT BACK WITH IT, YOU HEAR? THERE! NOW, OFF YOU GO!



JERRY STARTED AWAY LIKE A SHOT AT HIS MISTRESS'S COMMAND...SCAMPERING OUT OF THE BEDROOM, AND DOWN THE RICKETY STAIRS...

AND WATCH OUT FOR CARS, BOY!

THROUGH THE BROKEN PANEL IN THE BATTERED FRONT DOOR, DOWN THE OVERGROWN PATH, THE DOG RACED...

...ON UP THE DUSTY ROAD TO TOWN! FROM HER BEDROOM WINDOW, BETTY SAT IN HER WHEELCHAIR, STARING OUT WITH SIGHTLESS EYES...

THEN, WHEN JERRY'S YELPS COULD NO LONGER BE HEARD, BETTY PUSHED HARD ON THE RIGHT WHEEL AND SWUNG AWAY FROM THE WARM SUNNY AIR OUTSIDE SO THAT SHE FACED THE DUSTY RAMSHACKLE INTERIOR OF HER RUN-DOWN HOUSE

GOOD DOG! GOOD OLD JERRY! I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'D DO WITHOUT YOU!

MEANWHILE, FAR DOWN THE DUSTY ROAD, JERRY RACED ALONG KICKING UP THE PEBBLES WITH HIS HIND PAWS! SOON, HE APPROACHED THE STATE HIGHWAY THAT LED INTO TOWN..

AS THE LOPING DOG SWUNG OUT OF THE DIRT SIDE-ROAD ONTO THE SMOOTH STRIP OF CONCRETE HIGHWAY, A SPEEDING CAR HURTLIED AT HIM! THE STILL, HOT AFTERNOON AIR WAS FILLED WITH THE SCREAMING SHRIEK OF BRAKES AND THE YIPING SQUEAL OF A DOG IN PAIN...

GOOD LORD!

IN HER PLASTER-CRACKED ROOM, BETTY LIFTED HER SENSITIVE FINGERS FROM THE WAX-LIKE BRAILLE BOOK AND LISTENED! IT CAME LIKE A FINE THREAD STRETCHED ACROSS THE SUNNY AFTERNOON AIR...THE FAINT SOUND OF A CAR...STOPPING! THEN IT WAS GONE...AS IF A GIANT SCISSOR HAD SNAPPED IT..

WHAT...WHAT WAS THAT? IT SOUNDED LIKE BRAKES...OUT ON THE HIGHWAY!

THE MAN IN THE SNAPPY SPORT COAT LOOKED DOWN AT THE STILL FURRY MOUND LYING BEFORE HIS EXPENSIVE GAR! HE SHOOK HIS HEAD! THEN HE STOOPED AND PLACED HIS HAND ON THE DOG'S CHEST..

POOR THING! RAN RIGHT OUT IN FRONT OF ME! HE... WHAT'S THIS? HEART'S STILL BEATING! HE'S... **ALIVE!**



BETTY TURNED AT THE SOUND BEHIND HER...

JERRY! THAT YOU?

NO, MISS BETTY! 'TAIN'T JERRY! IT'S **ME... MRS. SIMPSON!** I LOOKED IN THE ICE-BOX B'FORE I CAME UP! HOW'D YOU EXPECT ME TO COOK YOUR DINNER WHEN THERE'S NO-THING TO COOK?



THE SLEEK CAR PULLED UP BEFORE THE VETERINARY, AND THE MAN IN THE SPORT COAT CARRIED THE LIMP FORM OF THE DOG INSIDE! AFTER A HASTY EXAMINATION, THE WHITE-COATED VET ANNOUNCED..

HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT... HE'S JUST BRUISED UP A BIT!



WHILE BACK AT THE HOUSE...

JERRY SHOULD BE BACK BY NOW, MRS. SIMPSON! I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT!

I DON'T MIND COMIN' IN AND COOKIN' FOR YOU, MISS BETTY, BUT I CAN'T WAIT AROUND ALL DAY! I'LL JUST HAVE TO MAKE DO WITH WHAT YOU HAVE!



THE AFTERNOON PASSED AND EVENING CAME... BUT STILL THE DOG DID NOT RETURN! BETTY SAT IN HER ROOM... IN HER WORLD OF DARKNESS... WAITING...

OH, JERRY! JERRY! WHERE ARE YOU?



WHILE A FEW MILES AWAY, IN HIS LUXURIOUS HOME, ROGER CARTWRIGHT THE WEALTHY PHILANTHROPIST COMFORTED THE INJURED JERRY...

JUST TAKE IT EASY, FELLER! IN A FEW DAYS, YOU'LL BE GOOD AS NEW! THEN WE'LL SEE ABOUT RETURNING YOU TO YOUR MASTER!



AND SO, TWO DAYS LATER, BETTY, HEARTBROKEN OVER THE DISAPPEARANCE OF HER CHERISHED COMPANION, GASPED AS HIS FRIENDLY BARK DRIFTED UP TO HER FROM BELOW...

JERRY! IT'S JERRY! HE'S COME BACK!



BETTY FLUNG HER ARMS ABOUT JERRY AS HE SCAMPERED INTO HER BEDROOM AND MUZZLED HIS WARM NOSE AGAINST HER TEAR-STREAKED CHEEK...

OH, JERRY! JERRY! I WAS AFRAID YOU'D BEEN KILLED! HE ALMOST WAS, MISS!



BETTY LIFTED HER HEAD! SOMEONE WAS IN THE ROOM! SOMEONE HAD BROUGHT JERRY BACK TO HER! A MAN.

MY CAR STRUCK THE POOR FELLOW WHEN HE DARTED OUT ONTO THE HIGHWAY THREE DAYS AGO! I TOOK HIM HOME WITH ME! I TRACED HIM TO YOU BY THE NOTE IN HIS COLLAR!

WHO WHO ARE YOU? I'M SORRY. I CAN'T SEE YOU! I'M BLIND!



ROGER CARTWRIGHT STUDIED THE ATTRACTIVE BLIND GIRL IN THE WHEELCHAIR AS SHE CLUTCHED HER DOG AFFECTIONATELY...

MY NAME IS... ER... YOU CAN CALL ME ROGER!

HOW DO YOU DO! I'M BETTY MARSH! I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU, ROGER!



DON'T TRY, BETTY! IT WAS THE LEAST I COULD DO UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES!

DO YOU LIVE CLOSE BY, ROGER?



A FEW MILES AWAY! YOU HAVE A VERY CLEVER DOG! HE PRACTICALLY GUIDED ME HERE!

YES! HE IS SMART! HE DOES ALL MY SHOPPING FOR ME! YOU SEE, I CAN'T VERY WELL CONFINED TO THIS WHEELCHAIR AS I AM!



ROGER AND BETTY CONTINUED TO CHAT, AND THE SHADOWS OUTSIDE BEGAN TO LENGTHEN AS THE AFTERNOON WORE AWAY...

WELL, I MUST BE GOING, BETTY! IT'S GETTING LATE!

YOU'LL COME AGAIN, WON'T YOU, ROGER? I HAVE SO FEW VISITORS!

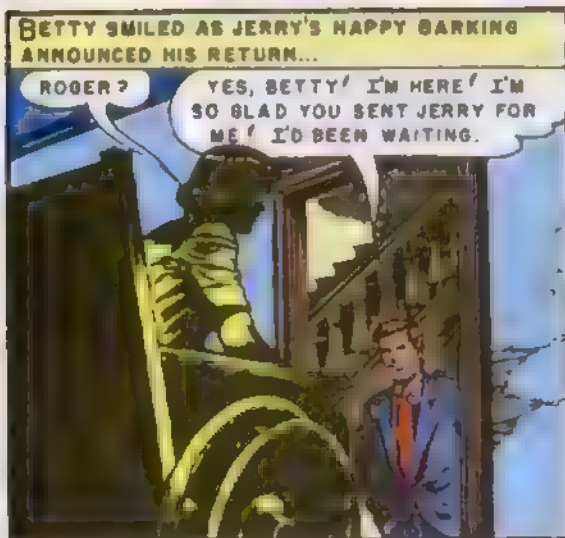
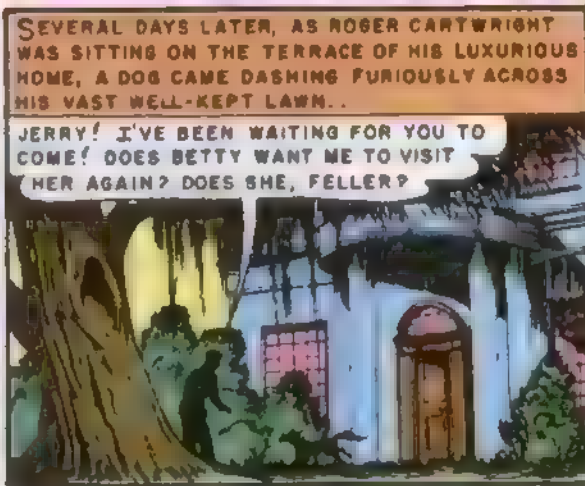
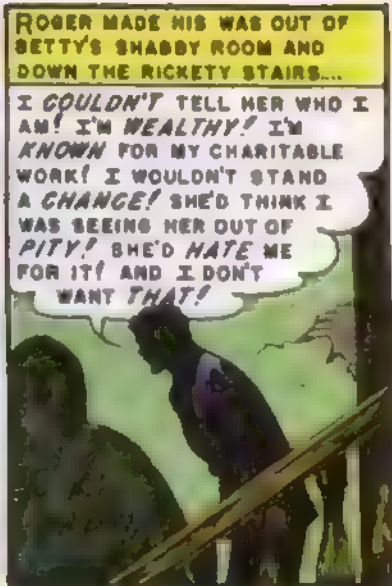


ROGER LOOKED DOWN AT THE SWEET YOUNG HELPLESS THING BEFORE HIM...

OF COURSE I'LL COME AGAIN, BETTY! ANYTIME YOU WANT ME TO! JUST SEND YOUR DOG! HE KNOWS WHERE I LIVE!

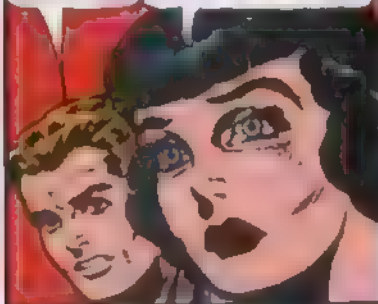
WON'T YOU TELL ME? I DON'T EVEN KNOW YOUR LAST NAME!





A WEEK WENT BY' ROGER'S VISITS BECAME MORE FREQUENT' BETTY WOULD SEND JERRY FOR HIM, AND HE'D COME BACK WITH THE HAPPILY YELPING DOG! THEN THEY'D BE TOGETHER... LAUGHING... CHATTING' ONE DAY...

BETTY PLEASE, ROGER! I DARLING! I COULDN'T! I'M AN INVALID... BLIND! I'LL MARRY ME? BE A BURDEN'



BUT I LOVE YOU DARLING'

OH, ROGER! ROGER! DO YOU? I'VE LOVED YOU SINCE THE FIRST TIME YOU CAME HERE!



SWEETHEART!

DEAREST'



ROGER WAS WHISTLING A CHEERY TUNE AS HE SWUNG HIS CAR OUT OF THE DIRT SIDE-ROAD ONTO THE HIGHWAY' ENGROSSSED IN THOUGHTS OF THE WONDERFUL HOURS HE'D JUST SPENT WITH BETTY, HE NEVER SAW THE FAST APPROACHING TRUCK.

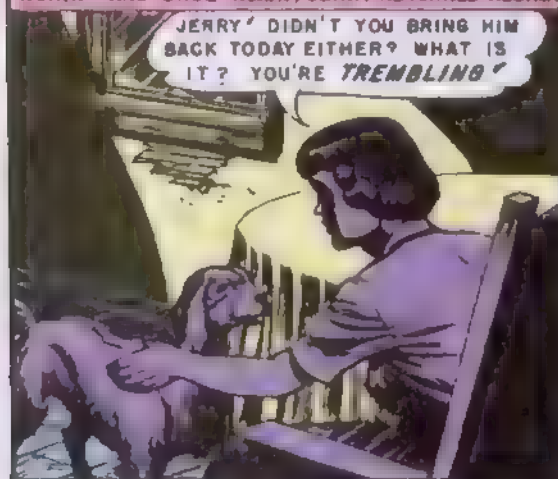


THE NEXT DAY, BETTY SAT ALONE IN HER WORLD OF DARKNESS, WAITING FOR JERRY TO RETURN WITH ROGER... WAITING FOR THE HAPPY BARKING' BUT WHEN JERRY TROTTED IN SADLY... AND LAID HIS HEAD IN HER LAP, WHIMPERING...



JERRY! ISN'T ROGER HOME TODAY? I WONDER WHERE HE COULD BE?

THE DAY AFTER THAT, BETTY SENT JERRY ONCE AGAIN AND ONCE AGAIN, JERRY RETURNED ALONE!



JERRY! DIDN'T YOU BRING HIM BACK TODAY EITHER? WHAT IS IT? YOU'RE TREMBLING'

DAY AFTER DAY, BETTY WOULD SEND JERRY FOR ROGER... AND DAY AFTER DAY, THE PANTING DOG WOULD RETURN... ALONE.

IT'S BEEN OVER A MONTH, JERRY! WHERE IS HE? WHAT'S HAPPENED TO HIM? OH, DEAR LORD! IF ONLY YOU COULD TALK... TELL ME WHAT'S WRONG!



SOON, JERRY EVEN REFUSED TO GO WHEN BETTY ORDERED HIM TO BRING BACK ROGER! THE DOG WOULD JUST SQUAT BEFORE HER, HIS HEAD COCKED TO ONE SIDE... HIS EYES SAD... WATCHING HER CRY...

PLEASE, JERRY! PLEASE...
SOB, SOB... BRING ROGER HERE!
I MISS HIM SO! PLEASE!



THEN, ONE DAY, ABOUT TWO MONTHS AFTER ROGER HAD STOPPED COMING TO CALL... AFTER BETTY'S TEARFUL PLEADING, THE DOG DARTED AWAY... DOWN THE RICKETY STEPS AND UP THE DUSTY ROAD! BY THAT NIGHT, HE'D STILL NOT RETURNED...

OH, JERRY! JERRY! YOU'VE
DESERTED ME, TOO! I'M ALL
ALONE, NOW!



DAYS WENT BY, BUT JERRY DID NOT COME BACK! BETTY SAT ALONE EACH NIGHT IN HER SHABBY BED-ROOM... CRYING! ONE NIGHT, ABOUT A WEEK AFTER JERRY HAD GONE AWAY, SHE HEARD IT... WAY OFF IN THE DISTANCE... THE SOUND OF A DOG'S HAPPY BARKING...

JERRY! IT'S JERRY! HE'S
COMING BACK!



BETTY HELD HER BREATH! THE SOUND OF DOG FEET PADDED ON THE PATH BELOW... AND BARKING EXPLODED THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR! JERRY CAME UP THE RICKETY STAIRS AND INTO HER ROOM...

OH, JERRY! JERRY! WHERE HAVE
YOU BEEN? WHERE...



SUDDENLY BETTY DREW BACK FROM THE PANTING DOG! A FOUL ODOR FILLED THE ROOM! THE SMELL OF EARTH... DECAYED, GRAVEYARD EARTH! BETTY REACHED OUT INTO HER DARK WORLD... FEELING FOR THE DOG! A CHUNK OF RANCID, CRAWLING SOIL DROPPED INTO HER OPEN HAND...

JERRY! WHERE HAVE
YOU BEEN?



BETTY SWUNG HER WHEEL-CHAIR AROUND! SOMEONE WAS COMING UP THE RICKETY STAIRS! SLOWLY... PAINFULLY... DRAGGING ONE LEG AFTER THE OTHER! THE BEDROOM DOOR SWUNG OPEN! IT STOOD FRAMED IN THE DOORWAY! BETTY STARED AT IT WITH SIGHTLESS EYES...

ROGER?



SO WHO ELSE? YEP, KIDDIES! IT WAS ROGER! DEAD ROGER, THAT IS! NOW WASN'T JERRY A LOYAL DOG? SIX FEET IS AN AWFUL LOT OF DIGGING FOR SUCH TINY PAWS! IT'S GOOD BETTY IS BLIND! SHE'S LUCKY SHE CAN'T SEE WHAT THE MUTT DRAGGED IN! BUT YOU CAN SEE SOMETHING HORRIBLE IF YOU WANT TO! MY FACE!

NO?... I MEAN MY
BACK ISSUES!
AND...

EVERY ONE IS AVAIL-
ABLE! READ MY COL-
UMN, THE VAULT-
KEEPER'S CORNER,
FOR INFO ON HOW TO
GET YOURS! AND WE'LL
ALL SEE YOU NEXT IN
THE HAUNT OF
FEAR!

THE END



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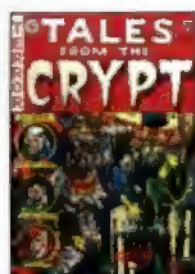
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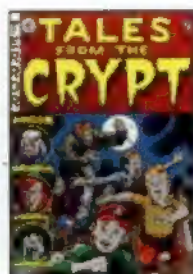
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GLAD VAULT #3



GLAD VAULT #4



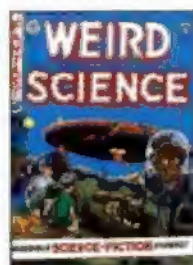
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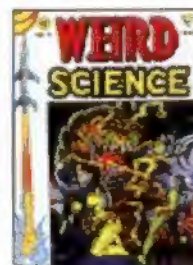
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